

PROGRAMME.—THREEPENCE

FREE TRADE
HALL

BRAND LANE'S

Season 1909-10

Subscription Concerts

Second of the Series. Saturday, Oct. 23rd.

MISCELLANEOUS

Reserved Ticket-Holders admitted at 6-45.
Money Doors open at 7-0.

2/6 Ticket-Holders admitted at 6-45
Commence at 7-45

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES—

Best Reserved (Numbered and Transferable) :

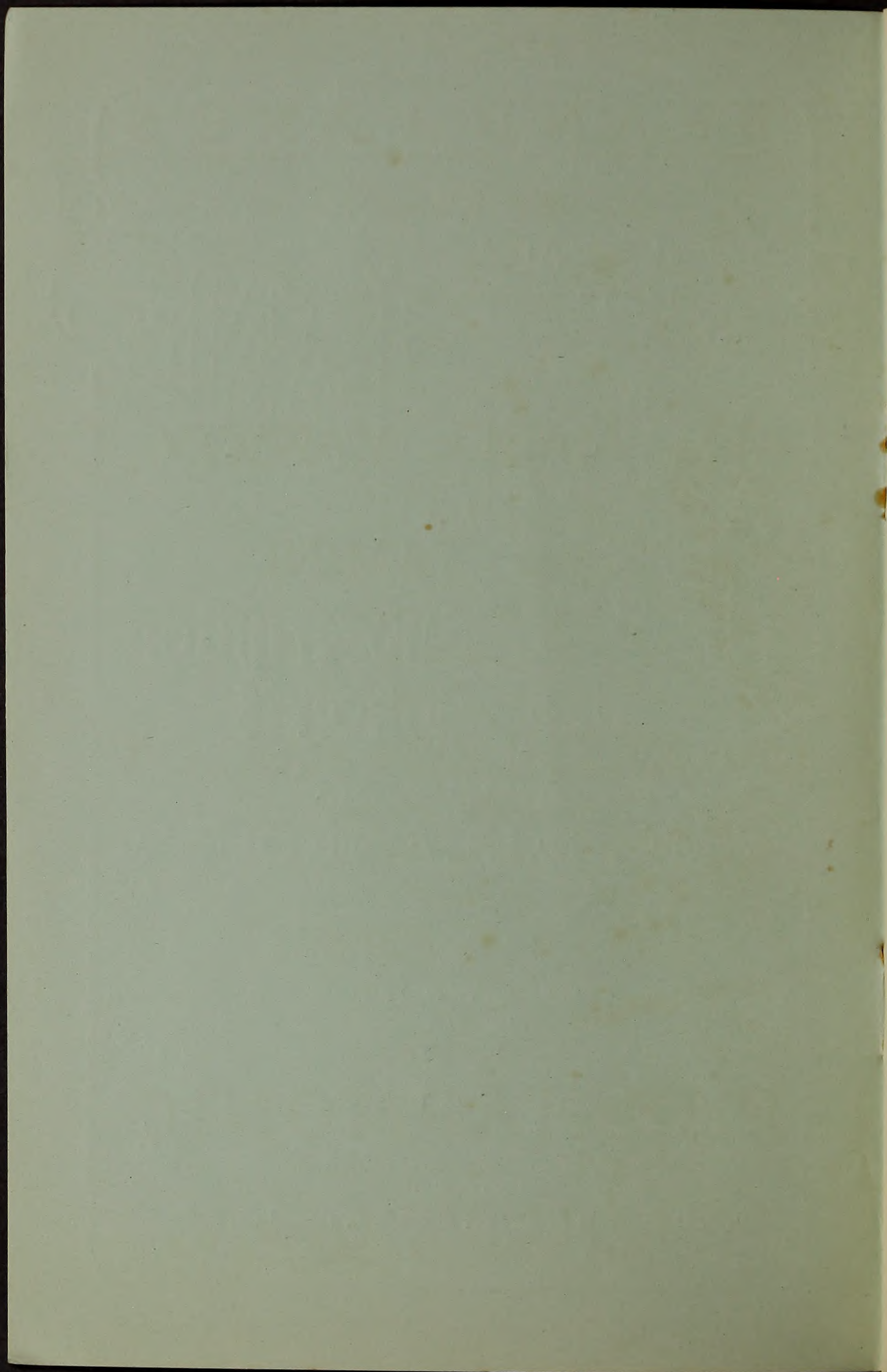
SIX CONCERTS	30/-, 25/-
Unreserved Gallery and Area	12/6

SINGLE PRICES FOR THIS CONCERT—

Reserved: Subscribers' Positions	7/6, 5/-
Other Positions	3/6
Unreserved Gallery and Area	2/6

ADMISSION (Body) ONE SHILLING

Plan and Tickets at FORSYTH BROS. Ltd., 126 and 128, Deansgate



BRAND LANE'S

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23rd, 1909

MISCELLANEOUS

SOLO VOCALISTS:

Miss MABEL MANSON

Signor TAMINI

(First appearance in Manchester)

SOLO VIOLIN:

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW

(First appearance in Manchester)

ACCOMPANIST:

Mr. R. J. FORBES

CHOIR:

MANCHESTER

PHILHARMONIC

CONDUCTOR:

Mr. BRAND LANE

SPECIAL NOTICES

EVENING Dress is optional, but
Ladies remove their hats or wear
such as will not spoil the view of
those sitting behind them.

To obviate the possibility of delay
(some of the Artists having to make a
long railway journey) the Concert will
commence at 7-45 instead of the usual
time, 7-30.

CHAPPELL GRAND PIANOFORTE

is used at this Concert

PROGRAMME



Part First

Glee

"Music all powerful" *T. F. Walmisley, 1783-1866*

(FIRST TIME.)

THE CHOIR

Originally written for male voices, to present hearers this glee may be found even more pleasing in its arrangement for mixed choir. As with many of the glees of its period, we find this to be in clearly separated short movements, and in the last of these we have an *andante* of quite exceptional beauty.

Kirke-White's verses, with their very obvious placing of the emotions in strong contrast, lend themselves to similar musical expression—war and peace, strife and harmony.

Music, all pow'rful o'er the human mind,
Can still each mental storm, each tumult calm;
Soothe anxious care on sleepless couch reclin'd,
And e'en fierce anger's furious rage disarm.
At her command, the various passions lie;
She stirs to battle, or she lulls to peace,
Melts the charm'd soul to thrilling ecstasy,
And bids the jarring world's harsh clangour cease.

Soft through the dell the dying strains retire,
Then burst majestic, in the varied swell;
Now, breathe melodious as the Grecian lyre,
Or on the ear in sinking cadence dwell.

Oh! surely Harmony from Heaven was sent,
To cheer the soul when tired with human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.

—*H. K. White.*

A short interval to permit late comers to enter.

...3...

Chorus (8 parts)

"The rosy dawn" C. H. Lloyd

THE CHOIR.

The pastoral character of these words is reflected in the music. Listening to its strains, we feel the breath of fresh country air; the scenic picture is before us, and the reflections aroused by its viewing become personal to us.

These reflections have suggested to our composer—the well-known precentor of Eton—a series of rich and varied climaxes following phrases of pure and intensely vocal part-writing often closely descriptive. Imitative passages suggested by "Corin's flute" will in the first verse arrest attention, and in the second verse, at the words, "prayer and praise," the change of tonality gives the touch of reverence to the short period of contrast desired. We hear in the query and reply of the choral sections the voice of Nature calling forth from us the response of prayer and praise, and providing thereunto fitting accompaniment in the zephyr and in the winds. A coda of much grandeur and effect is worked up with closing chords of majestic fullness.

The rosy dawn creeps down the mountain side,
Touching with light green copse and grassy lea;
The world to life is wak'ning far and wide,
And songs are heard from ev'ry bush and tree.
Come! let us hasten where the white-thorn blows,
Or to the meadows where the cowslip grows.
Up! up! the fields are fresh with dew of night—
And hear you not the strains of Corin's flute?
They take the purple hills with such delight
That not an echo in the glades is mute;
And earth, and air, and sky are fill'd with sound—
Great Nature's hymn, sweet, passionate, profound.

Come 'neath the temple of the morning sky,
And let us pay our orisons to Heaven.
The lark is singing as she soars on high,
Leaving the nest to which she dropp'd at ev'n.
If only prayer and praise be true,
They too will rise into the vaulted blue.
What shall our organ be? The winds that blow;
And what our choir? The breeze's silver chime;
While clear-voiced streams that, rippling, gently flow,
Will move us in sweet melodious time.
O! come and keep glad festival,
And Heav'n's high gate will open at our call.

—Rev. Canon Bell, D.D.

...4...

Song

"When Myra sings" A.L.

Miss MABEL MANSON.

When Myra sings we seek th' enchanting sound,
And bless the notes that do so sweetly wound;
What music needs must dwell upon that tongue—
Whose speech is tuneful as another's song.

Such harmony! such wit! a face so fair!
So many pointed arrows who can bear?
The slave that from her wit and beauty flies,
If he but hears that siren voice—he dies!
Ah! he hears and dies!

When Myra sings we seek th' enchanting sound,
And bless the notes that do so sweetly wound;
What music needs must dwell upon that tongue—
Whose speech is tuneful as another's song.

—George Granville (1760).

Choral "Rhapsody" (8 parts)

"Seadrift" S. Coleridge-Taylor

(FIRST TIME.)

THE CHOIR

A fine example of the wonderful development of choral writing in the hands of our younger composers, who seem to have added to the solidity and strength of former periods a quite remarkable power of virile expression and of vivid picturesqueness, with correspondingly increased demands upon the technique of performance.

In this rhapsody—truly so called—we find our composer competing successfully with the seascape artist in the delineation of the marine picture he sets before us, with the added effect of suggested movement.

The whole piece is evolved from the weird theme of step-wise character appearing—after the first hushed call for attention—in the lowest voices of male choir. By this economy of material the utmost unity is attained.

The enlargement and elaboration of this theme in altered time forms the middle section,

"The sea it moans,"
where, however, broadly melodic independent phrases emerge in the soprano and, rising above the rhythmic insistence, heighten the interest, maintaining it on to the closing period,

"Still she stands,"
an ingenious prolongation of initial theme *pianissimo* with long *decrescendos* to the exceedingly characteristic and original final ending.

See where she stands, on the west sea sands,
Looking across the water;
Wild is the night, but wilder still
The face of the fisher's daughter.
What does she there in the lightning's glare,
What does she there, I wonder?
What dread demon drags her forth,
In the night of wind and thunder?

...5...

Is it the ghost that haunts this coast?
 The cruel waves mount higher,
 And the beacon pierces the stormy dark
 With its javelin of fire.
 Beyond the light of the beacon bright
 A merchantman is tacking,
 The hoarse wind whistling through the shrouds,
 And the brittle topmast cracking.

The sea it moans over dead men's bones,
 It moans and it foams in anger;
 The curlew swoop through the resonant air,
 With a warning cry of danger;
 The starfish clings to the seaweed's rings,
 In a vague, dumb sense of peril;
 And the spray, with its phantom fingers, grasps
 At the mullein dry and sterile.

O who is she that stands by the sea,
 In the lightning's glare undaunted?
 Seems this now like the coast of Hell,
 By one white spirit haunted!
 The night draws by, and the breakers die
 Along the ragged ledges;
 The robin stirs in its drenchéd nest,
 The hawthorn blooms on the hedges.

In shimmering lines, through the dripping pines,
 The stealthy morn advances;
 And the heavy sea-fog straggles back
 Before those bristling lances!
 Still she stands on the wet sea sands;
 The morning breaks above her,
 And the corpse of a sailor gleams on the rocks:
 What if it were her lover?

—T. B. Aldrich.

Part Song

(b) "O peaceful night!" Edward German

THE CHOIR

How skillfully the nocturnal atmosphere is herein presented. The quiet restfulness which pervades is only momentarily disturbed by the appropriate *leggiere staccato* called for by reference to the "tiny feet" of "laughing elves." The very charming refrain may well, guiltless of any trespass, haunt the listener's ear.

O peaceful night! so calm and still!
 The moonlight sleeps on vale and hill;
 And soft the brooklet hurries by
 With murm'rous flow of lullaby:
 Till life awakes adown the dale
 Sweet music of the nightingale.

O peaceful night! O dream of day!
 Stay with us, stay!

...6...

O mystic night! in woodland shade
 Thou know'st a fairy-haunted glade
 Where laughing elves, with tiny feet,
 Go tripping through the meadow-sweet:
 Till in the silent sky afar
 Again shines forth the morning star.
 O mystic night! O dream of day!
 Stay with us, stay!
 —*W. Herbert Scott.*

Violin Solo

Concerto in G minor (Opus 26) ... *Max Bruch*

- I. Introduction, Allegro Moderato.
- II. Adagio.
- III. Finale, Allegro Energico.

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW

(First appearance in Manchester)

Song

"Vesta la giubba" (Pagliacci) ... *Leoncavallo*

SIGNOR TAMINI

(First appearance in Manchester)

Vesti la giubba e la faccia infarina,
 La gente paga rider vuole qua,
 E se Arlecchin t'invola Colombina,
 Ridi, Pagliaccio, e ognun applaudirà.

Tramuta in lazzi lo spasmo ed il pipnto;
 In una smorfia il singhiozzo e'l dolor!
 Ah! Ridi, Pagliaccio, sul tuo amore infranto.
 Ridi del duol che t'avvelena il cor!

Translation.

To act, with my heart maddened with sorrow.
 I know not what I'm saying or what I'm doing.
 Yet I must face it. Courage, my heart!
 Thou art not a man; thou'rt but a jester!

On with the motley, the paint and the powder,
 The people pay thee, and want their laugh, you know;
 If Harlequin thy Columbine has stolen,
 Laugh, Punchinello! The world will cry "Bravo!"
 Go hide with laughter thy tears and thy sorrow,
 Sing and be merry, playing thy part,
 Laugh, Punchinello, for the love that is ended,
 Laugh for the sorrow that is eating thy heart.

F. E. Weatherley.

Part Song

“Hunting song” Mendelssohn

(FIRST TIME.)

THE CHOIR

The part songs of Mendelssohn must always command the true esteem of the music lover, and of these part songs the Hunting Song is the finest.

How charmingly vocal is the part writing: how appropriately the breezy movement of the hunt is suggested as here and there the open notes of the horns: the *maggiore* opening *pianissimo* of last stanza falls most gratefully on the ear, and later the building of the chord with swift *crescendo* thrills.

The tall, swaying treetops are gilded with light,
The deep, misty valleys grow cheerful and bright.
Hark! from the castle the horns clearly sound,
The steeds, loudly neighing, paw the ground.

They hurry by forest, by river, and bush,
By hamlet and hillock, as onward they rush.
Ah! sweetest of maidens, pray now let me go!
They fly faster onward: Tally ho!

Ever more and more distant is heard the tone—
Thro' forest and valley afar they are gone.
How fresh are the breezes, sweet is the air!
Trees gaily are rustling, nature looks fair.

INTERVAL OF FIFTEEN MINUTES

SPECIAL AND IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Subscribers are respectfully requested to note that the FIFTH Concert will take place as stated in the Prospectus, viz.: SATURDAY, JANUARY 29th, not the 22nd as on the tickets.

THIRD CONCERT OF THE SERIES

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, 1909

Commencing at 7-30

SOLO VOCALISTS:

Madame ESTA D'ARGO

Mr. ROBT. BURNETT

SOLO VIOLIN:

Miss NADIA SYLVA

SOLO PIANOFORTE:

Miss EFFIE KALISZ

First Appearance in Manchester of this wonderful Artist

ACCOMPANIST:

Mr. R. J. FORBES

CHOIR:

MANCHESTER

PHILHARMONIC

CONDUCTOR:

Mr. BRAND LANE

The CHOIR'S selections will include Rutland Boughton's Choral Variations on an old folk-song, "Young Herchard" (Richard of Taunton Deane), &c.

Part Second



Part Song

"When whisp'ring strains" ... *Charles Wood*
(FIRST TIME.)

THE CHOIR

Our present-day composers are evidently making diligent search for suitable verse, with the result that many old-time lyrics are now finding their musical expression. The opening theme given to the tenors, accompanied in four parts by the remaining verses, is charmingly undulating in character, rising and swelling to a climax, when all parts become equally melodic. A sustained dominant in the contralto then leads to a chromatic transition, from which the initial key emerges with renewed freshness.

When whisp'ring strains do softly steal
With creeping passion through the heart,
And when at ev'ry touch we feel
Our pulses beat and bear a part;
When threads can make
A heartstring quake:
Philosophy can scarce deny,
The soul consists of harmony.

Oh! lull me, charming air,
My senses rock'd with wonder sweet.
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie, and slumb'ring die,
And change his soul for harmony.

—*William Strode.*

Part Song

"Haymakers, rakers" ... *Charles Wood*
(FIRST TIME.)

THE CHOIR

These spirited words by the sixteenth century poet and dramatist, with their bustle and energy, set the tone and the time of the piece. They also give a crowd of pattering consonants to be negotiated by the singers.

In the appropriate rhythm of an old country dance, the music has many happy touches, part writing remarkably free and buoyant, with a strikingly robust climax or ending.

Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
Wait on your summer queen;
Dress up with musk rose your eglantine bowers,
Daffodils strew the green.
Sing, dance, and play—
'Tis holiday.

...10...

The sun does bravely shine
 On our ears of corn ;
 Rich as a pearl
 Comes every girl—
 This is mine ;
 Let us die, ere away they be borne.
 Bow to the sun, to our queen, and that fair one
 Come to behold our sports ;
 Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
 As those in prince's courts.
 These and we,
 With country glee,
 Will teach the woods to resound,
 And the hills with echoes hollow.
 Skipping lambs,
 Their bleating dams,
 'Mongst kids shall trip it round.
 For joy thus our wenches we follow.
 Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly !
 Hounds, make a lusty cry !
 Spring up, you falconers, the partridges freely,
 Then let your brave hawks fly !
 Horses amain,
 Over ridge, over plain,
 The dogs have the stag in chase—
 'Tis a sport to content a king.
 So ho through the skies,
 How the proud bird flies,
 And, sousing, kills with a grace.
 Now the deer falls: Hark! how they ring.
—Thomas Dekker.

Song

“ In Slumberland ” *Charles Marshall*

Miss MABEL MANSON

Heart's darling of mine, as you lie softly sleeping,
 With your bright curly head pressed close to my breast ;
 While your wee dimpled hands like snowdrops are peeping
 From out the white garments that warm you to rest :
 Are you dreaming, perhaps, a wonderful story,
 Of a baby grown big, and martial, and strong,
 Who fights for his king, for his country, and glory,
 Protecting the weak ones, and guiding the wrong ?
 Then soft be your slumber, and bright be the waking,
 While on guard o'er your nest is Love—sweet—divine.
 And only in dreams may your spirit be taking
 Flight far away from me, Heart's darling of mine !
—Alice R. Cron.

...11...

Violin Solos

{ (a) Nocturne *Chopin*
 { (b) Spanish Dance... .. *Sarasate*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW

Part Song

"Absence" *J. L. Hatton*

(FIRST TIME.)

THE CHOIR

So near the date of the 100th anniversary of the birth of this pre-eminently English composer, our programme fitly includes a selection from those favourite part songs upon which, together with some of his songs, his fame must rest.

To but mention the titles of many of these is to bring happy recollections and kindly thoughts to the general mind, so clearly do they reflect the genial personality and transparent sincerity of their author.

May the time long be ere such perfect productions in their own styles as "To Anthea" and "When Evening's Twilight" fade from the musical memory.

With simple yet direct expression, "Absence" has always successfully made its appeal to singers and hearers.

Tho' long years have passed away,
 And joyous summer left me,
 Tho' autumn sings her plaintive lay,
 Yet art thou still dear to me.
 Tho' far away, thy voice is ever near to me;
 Absence but makes thee dearer to me:
 No time can change my love for thee.

Part Song

"The Indian Maid" *J. L. Hatton*

THE CHOIR

Works a vein of unaffected vocal descriptiveness, following well the fortunes of the maiden's faithful lamp, with her softly crooning melody. Appropriately flowing strains set forth the lesson of the closing lines in a very favourite page of Hatton's music.

According to a well-known superstition, the Hindoo maiden floats her lamp upon the Ganges, and, murmuring a musical incantation, draws an augury of her destiny from the fate of the light.

A dusky maid, with ebon hair,
 Sits by the Ganges river;
 With hope and fear her bosom heaves,
 Her parted lips they quiver.
 A finer light is in her eye
 Than that whose fitful shining
 Now thrills her soul with sudden joy,
 Now sets it to repining!
 And as the river flows along,
 She softly sings her mystic song.

...12...

For on the Ganges' sacred stream
Her fateful lamp is floating,
And as it flames, or as it dies,
Shall be her lover's doating.
A thousand stars are in the sky,
Like gems on hidden fingers;
But eye unus'd to upward gaze
On lurid light still lingers!
And as the river flows along,
She softly sings her mystic song.

Oh! not for us, with idle thought,
To scorn the Indian maiden.
We too may watch our earthen lamps,
With lotus wreathed and laden!
But when thro' tears we see them quench'd,
And round us sorrows cluster,
'Tis well the beacon stars glow on,
With heaven-kindled lustre!
And well life's river, flowing by,
Still flows beneath a starry sky!

—*Newton Crosland.*

Part Song

"When evening's twilight" ... *J. L. Hatton*

THE CHOIR

Number one of the first set of six part songs published by their composer, and always the first in popular estimation.

When evening's twilight gathers round,
When every flower is hush'd to rest,
When autumn leaves breathe not a sound,
And every bird flies to its nest;
When dewdrops kiss the blushing rose,
And stars are glitt'ring from above,
When nature's self seeks sweet repose:
Then I think of thee, my love,
Then, O then I think of thee.

...13...

Song

"Lohengrin's farewell" *Wagner*

SIGNOR TAMINI

My trusty swan !
Oh, that this summons ne'er had been !
Oh, that this day I ne'er had seen !
I thought the year soon would be o'er,
When thy probation would have passed ;
Then, by the Grail's transcendent pow'r,
In thy true shape we'd meet at last !
O Elsa, think what joys thy doubts have ended !
Couldst thou not trust in me for one short year ?
Then thy dear brother, whom the Grail defended,
In life and honour thou hadst welcomed here.
If he returns when our sweet ties are broken,
This horn, this sword and ring give him in token ;
His arm will conquer when the sword he raises,
This horn will aid him in the hour of need,
This ring shall mind him who did most befriend him—
Of me, who saved thee from the depths of woe ;
Farewell ! Farewell ! Farewell ! my love, my wife.
Farewell ! Henceforth the Grail command my life.
Farewell ! Farewell !

Madrígal

"Sing a joyous roundelay" *J. Barnby*

A genial nineteenth century composition in "ye olde" style. The points of imitation are many and well in evidence, and the repeated "fa-la-las" quite infectious in their gaiety.

THE CHOIR

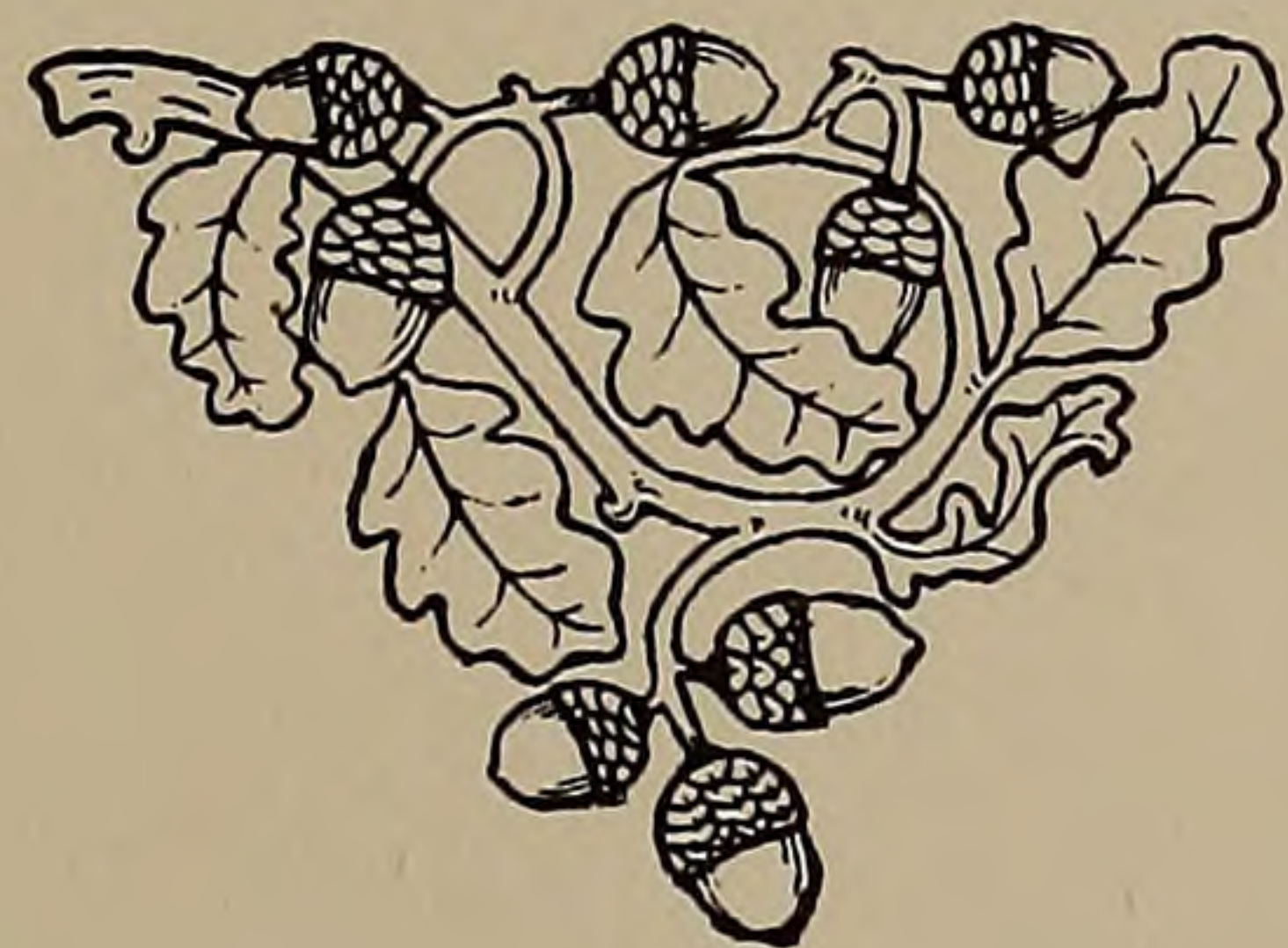
Sing a joyous roundelay,
Voices blending blithe and gay,
While the glad hours pass along,
We would stay them with a song.
Slow the shadows gather round us,

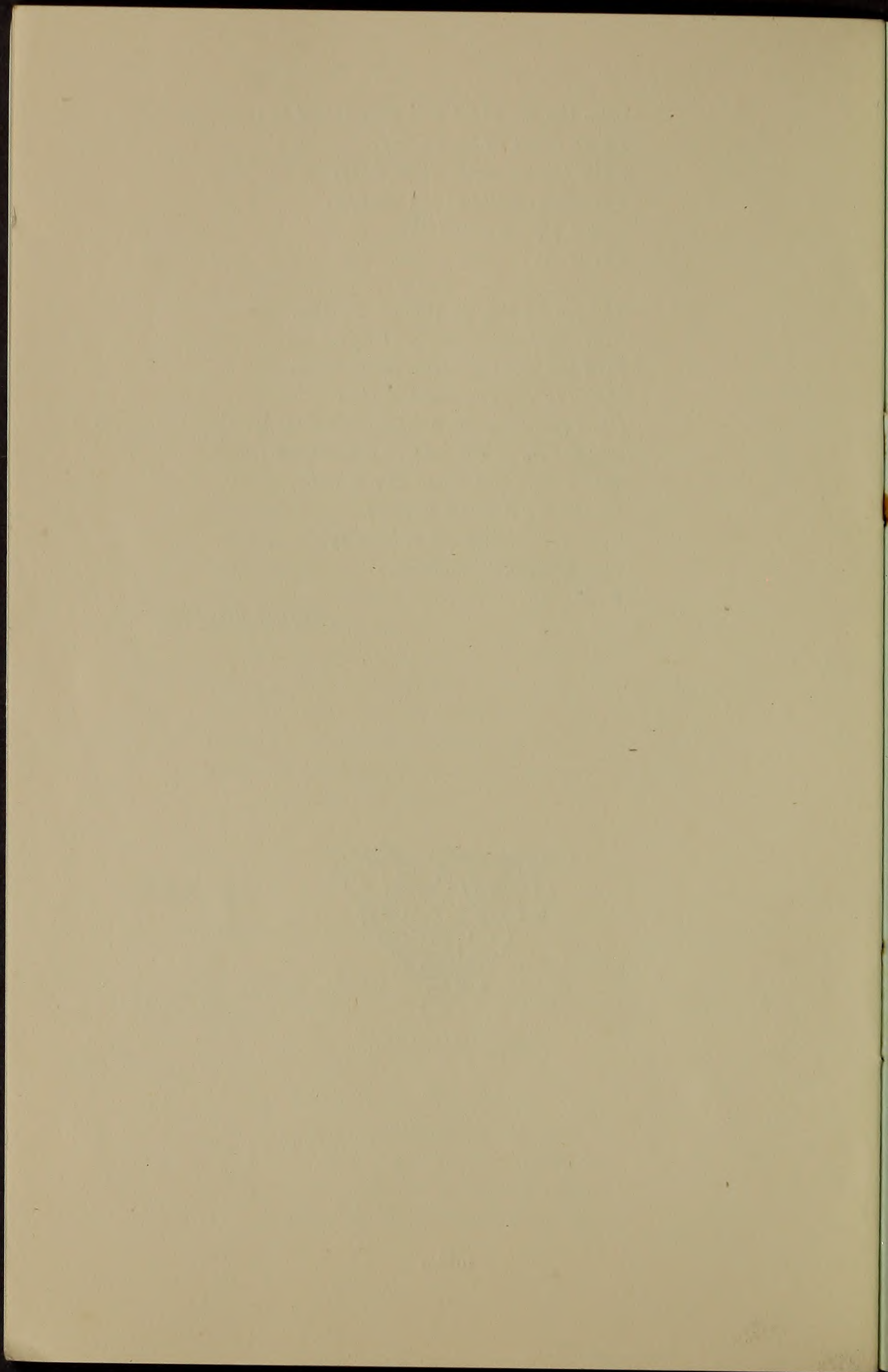
...14...

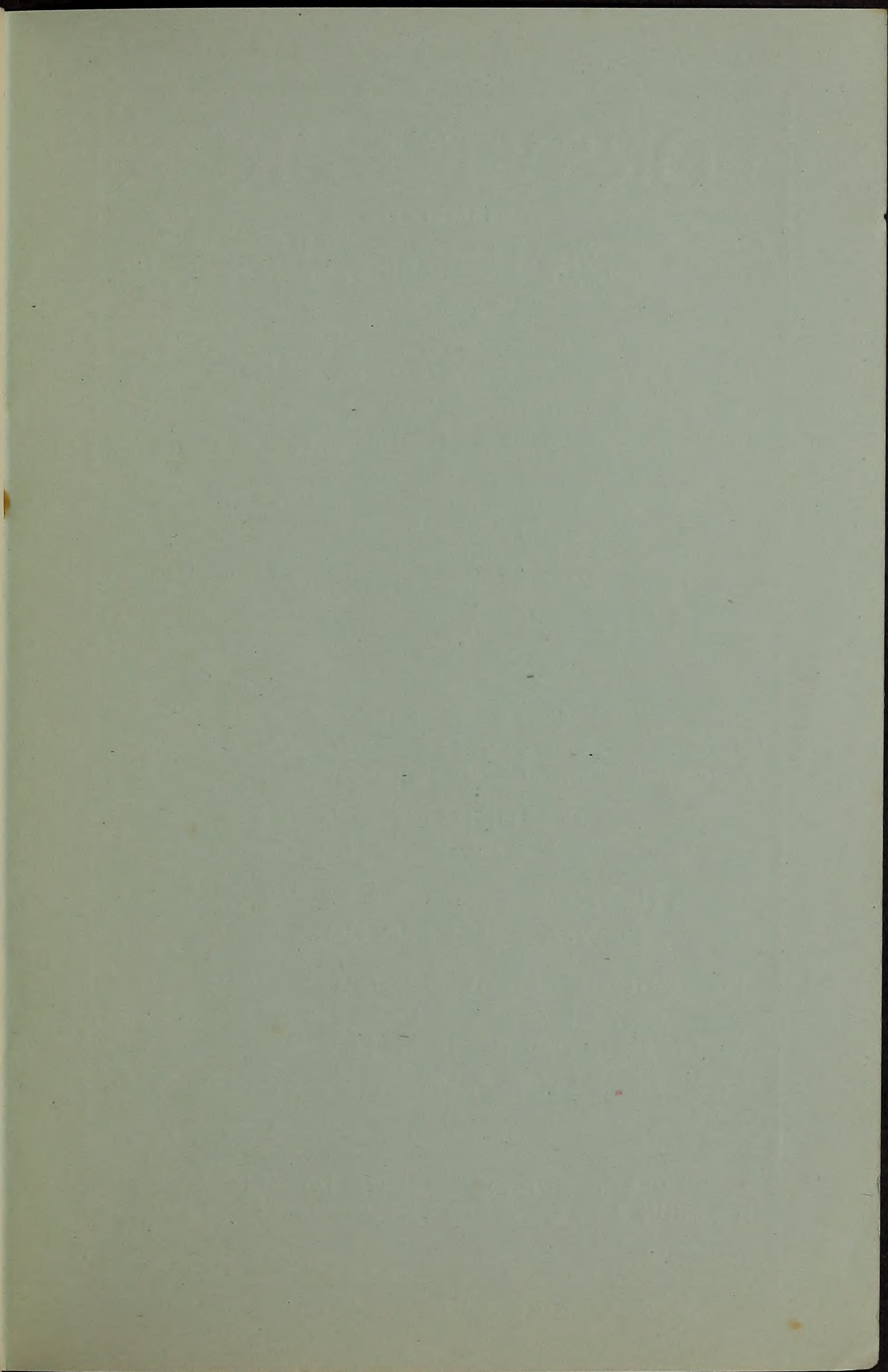
Soon the sad night will have found us ;
Be we grave or be we gay,
Swift the moments glide away,
Therefore, while as yet 'tis day,
Sing a joyous roundelay.
Fa, la, la !

Though we sing or though we sigh,
Still the fickle hours will fly ;
Still the waxing moon must wane,
Morning wear to night again ;
Gone the moments ere we heed them,
Nought we do can stay or speed them :
While we count them day is done,
Ended ere it seems begun ;
Therefore, while as yet 'tis day,
Sing a joyous roundelay.
Fa, la, la !

—*Clifton Bingham.*







FORSYTH BROS.

LIMITED

126 & 128, Deansgate, Manchester

Telephone No. 1100

The Pianoforte Showrooms at 126 & 128, Deansgate, contain the largest and most varied Stock of Instruments in the Provinces

Pianofortes by all the Leading English and Continental Manufacturers.

New Pianofortes from **£25** upwards.

A large stock of Second-hand Pianofortes always on view.

A Specialite is made of the Three Years' Hire Purchase System. Any Pianoforte may be purchased on this system, and the payments are entirely regulated by the purchaser.

SHEET MUSIC: Parcels are received daily from London and the Continent.

TUNINGS are contracted for Singly or by the Year at Moderate Rates.

The **Entertainment Bureau** is under special supervision. In addition to Bands for Dances and Garden Parties all the latest London Novelties are arranged for At Homes, Dinners, and Public Meetings.



An Inspection of the large Showrooms at 126 and 128, Deansgate, is cordially invited, and such inspection in no way entails a purchase.